THE MISSILE

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GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

The Missile

SONNET KEYS

I.

Endless Beauty

By Dorothy Perkins.

The sun sinks low; the day is soon to die;
The heav'ns blaze forth in bright ethereal hue,
Pale rose, deep greens, all shading into blue.
Slowly the shadows darken in the sky,
And at the whip-poor-will's lone wailing cry
I shudder with the thought black night is due,
Then strain my eyes for day's last colors few.
At last cold night has conquered, and I sigh.
But no! O'er yonder tree I see the moon:
'Tis harvest time and she is clothed in red,
And now the stars are twinkling in her course.
I know that I have sighed and feared too soon
For beauty does not die when day is dead
Since nature gives us more from endless source.

II.

Sonnet

(*After the loss of a friend whose love of beauty was inspiring*)
By Eleanore Townsend

Oh souls who in the beauties of earth delight,
The mere reflected rays of heaven that tend
Some brightness to this sordid world to lend,
In paradise what transports wait your sight;
With tiny flowers celestial heights invite
The lovers of their beauty to ascend
To realms where perfect form and color blend,
All beauty radiant in the heavenly light.
She loved all loveliness that's here below,
Reflected beauty just as the moon on high
Reflected the sun when it has left the sky.
But scarce is comp'rable to the greater glow.
Through nature a glimpse of heaven she had caught:
With its full beauty now her life is fraught.

III.

In Woods I Stray

By Beatrice Kaplan.

In woods I stray alone in sadness, pain,
No friends to comfort me, for they desert
The one of whom the worst is thought, who hurt

The name for long esteemed. On through a lane
Of trees I roam; at length to rest again
Beneath a tree, a sturdy oak, to blurt
My grief to giants near. I then exert
Myself to hate mankind. But what to gain?
I'll try to rise above the earthly things
As trees have risen straight to God, by sleet,
By rain, by snow untouched. I, too, will press
Ahead. I'll get away from all that clings
To me. I'll start anew, attempt to beat
The past. And friends won't hinder my success.

IV.

Remember?

By Jack Drewry.

Do you remember when first you rode by train
And on and on so joyfully you went?
Or yet again the few swift minutes spent
In flight, with wide eyes scanning the checked terrain?
The time you stood enraptured on the plain
As Sol in glory sank behind the Trent?
Or when you sailed before the wind—sails bent
From sparkling, shimm'ring river to bounding main?
All this is gone never again to return,
Never to be repeated as it was then,
But life is short and much we are to learn
If we wish to hold ourselves on earth as men.
In mind enjoy the pleasures which are gone;
Dread not the past — wait eagerly the dawn.

V.

Memories

By Dorothy Young.

He was loved by everyone both great and small,
A very tall and slim physique had he.
I've seen him many a day upon the lea,
And as the breezes often rise and fall,
I think of the times we sat on the garden wall,
And how we listened to the buzzing bee
And to the cheery note of the bird's soft call.
Alas! all is gone except for memories:
They seem to linger to cheer a lonely soul
Who longs to see again the old rendezvous.
The shady bowers under the old pine trees,
Oh! for just one more happy hour with you.
And the sandy beach where once we used to stroll.

THE FIRST WILD FLOWERS OF SPRING.

By Eleanore Townsend.

When the days begin to lengthen and the winter blasts to soften after a few days of warm sunshine are interspersed between sweet showers, the grass begins to brighten and the buds in their sober brown hoods begin to swell. I speak of the very early spring which is, to people not so observant of nature, the late winter disagreeable on account of its dampness.

Though my wits are somewhat dulled by a cold in my head, I realize that without these disagreeable showers and penetrating drizzles the warmest sunshine would shine in vain on the grass and trees.

In this season before the most ardent of gardeners sets to work out-of-doors, we venture forth to the woods on a bright day to see what we can find. Each time we tell each other that it is perfectly absurd to hope to find anything so soon, but curiosity and excitement urge us on, and never yet have we gone too soon to find at least one Clatonia which we effectionately call "Spring Beauty".

We always go first to the old "Matoax" place. There on a protected hillside that slopes from the north down to the river, the first tiny blossoms are found.

This place is always beautiful to us, whether it is in the early spring when one has to search all afternoon for one tiny flower, or in the full spring season, when the whole hillside is white with dainty Bloodroot, the river banks ablaze with yellow Dog-tooth Violets and the huge grey stones covered with little Hepatica and ferns that push their way miraculously through the crannies. In the summer time when the great trees are green and the river refreshingly cool-looking it is a lovely place to walk. We often go there in the fall too for blue and purple asters and then the foliage is gorgeous.

I sometimes wonder if this place can be as beautiful in the eyes of others as it is in ours, or if our eyes are partial to it on account of our pleasant experience there or the fact that our great-grandmother lies buried on the top of that ridge overlooking the river. She must have roamed over these hills and loved the ancestors of the very flowers that we love now.

One would expect by her appearance that our friend, the dainty Clatonia, was not the type of person to face the blasts of early March accompanied only by hardy Saxifrege. Anyone who was not so well acquainted with her strength of character would surely say that her pink and white frailty had always been protected from any severity of weather and that surrounded by other beautiful blossoms she had been cherished by soft showers and strengthening sunlight.

I can never get used to it! I walk along the river bank protected from the March wind by a coat and when I see her there, with all of her wraps thrown aside, and beautiful in her filmy spring frock, she puts me to shame. We can not understand how she does it, but we appreciate and love her for it just the same. For by her bravery she proves a certain fact undeniably. Winter is gone. No one who sees her can deny that. She could not be a produce of winter. She is spring incarnate.

POEMS

By Betsie Budd.

Evening

The molten sun sinks slowly in the west
And gray's the mist that evening's hand let fall;
The scented south wind softly whispers, "Rest",
While peace drops like a mantle over all.

Then comes the damp rich smell of new turned soil,
Of dew drenched grass and early budding trees;
So stops all evidence of a nation's toil,
For God created wonders such as these.

CINQUAINS

The War

Ten years
Have passed, and scars
That once were deep and sore
Are heeled by Time, a doctor to
Us all.

Horizons

Oh! God,
Give me a mind
And heart without horizons;
With which to know and love the best
In man.

Ecstasy

The lake holds out her shining arms to me,
And from the heat and worry of the day
I spring, to revel in her limpid depths,
With all my cares and sorrows swept away.

I swim with languid strokes upon her breast
Surrounded by the skies, the trees, the sod;
Forget the petty hatreds of this earth
And in forgetting come much nearer God.

Rivals

Out of a sky of midnight blue
A silvery moon looks down
On the rivaling splendor of Broadway
And the tiny gleam from town.

Yet she seems to smile on the little town
And frown on the Great White Way
As if resenting that anyone
Should turn her night to day.

IN PRISON

By Willis Wills

The prisoner halted and gave one last despairing glance back at the the trees and the mass of long-rolling hills. The guards gave him no time for thought, but hustled him on, and Morgan Irwin was soon lost to the world.

He was escorted down through a long, dark passageway and shoved roughly into an inky dungeon. He listened while the bolts on the door slid home and then turned to see in what maner of place he was to spend the remainder of his days.

The place in which he found himself was a cold, damp, foul-smelling box of a room with only one opening for light and ventilation. In one corner was a rough cot with a handful or dirty straw and some old rags strewn upon it. Further search revealed that this was the only furnishing of any kind in the room.

He stumbled forward and flung himself upon the cot, only to start back in amazement as a huge rat scurried from under it. All that night he lay awake, pondering over this sudden and complete change in his life, and when morning came, he fell into a short fitful sleep. He was awakened from this when the keeper placed some water and a stale crust on the floor, but he did not notice it for a few moments. When he again looked, a pair of enormous rats were just gulping the last remnant of his food.

* * * *

All that had taken place a long time ago—how long he did not know—but it seemed like ages to the prisoner. He now sat on the edge of his pallet and stared fixedly at the opposite wall. His thoughts were rambling, and he appeared to be in a dream.

Would he never get out? Would he never again see the light of day, the green fields, the stars, all that he had known in a happy life? Oh! if something would only happen. Anything, it mattered not what, to break the monotony. His mind was slipping, he knew it, he felt it, but he was unable to prevent it. He tried to remember his former life, to recall trivial incidents from it, but it all came back to him as hollow mockery; he could not put aside the realization that he was losing his mind.

Freedom! The very sound of the word seemed to scoff at him. Happiness? There was no such thing. Nothing but stone walls, darkness, foul odors and stale crusts. Sunshine? A mere something, too glorious to be imagined by one in his state of mind.

His mind, it was slowly, surely slipping, slipping from his clutch, and yet he clung to it like a drowning man to a straw. Would he never leave this dungeon? Of course not! Would he never again see a human face, hear a human voice? No! it was only his mind, slipping, slipping, slipping. This silence, this awful silence, this dreadful horrible silence. When would he ever hear another joyful sound? Never again. If he heard it he would not be able to recognize it. His mind: it was getting more and more distant from him. Would not something occur? It mattered not what. Such thoughts were only mockery, cruel mockery, ridiculing his faltering, bewildered brain. Only a change of political power could free him. If only the dominant party could be put down. How absurd! That was an impossibility.

Was that someone coming? No! only the falsehoods of his tortured brain. And yet surely he heard it more distinct now. It sounded as if

someone were opening the cell doors. Is was not, it could not be true: it was only a trick of his over-taxed mind. Hark! surely that was someone. Yes! they were freeing the other prisoners. Would they never come to his door? Nearer, nearer, when would they arrive? Hurry hurry! why could they not hurry? Now they were at his door, but they only paused and said, "No one in there; the records say so." And then they were going. Going without him! Where was his voice? He could not call out. He could only listen to their dying footsteps. Oh! it was only another prank of his confused mind.

Hark! was that a footstep? No! no! only his imagination. Yes! yes! it was someone; could he not call out? Closer, closer, would they again pass him? No! they must not, could not. Oh! the keys, the bolts were sliding back. The door creaked open.

Now he would have sunshine, skies, trees, flowers and all other beauties of life. Up through the passage, up, up. A speck of light! The light of day! Was it possible? Up, up into the sunshine, dazzling, glorious sunshine. He was free, free! Free to go and come as he pleased.

CINQUAINS

I.

Magnolia Gardens—In April

By Eleanore Townsend

Superb,
Like skies at sunset,
The flame and saffron hues,
A riot of purple, and water like shades
Of night.

——o——

II.

Life

By Susie Downing

Life is
Like a rain drop
Splashing a slated roof;
It bounces upward, then sinks back
In peace.

——o——

III.

Truth

By Virginia Perry

A flower
That is bruised by all
Till, crushed, we view it now
A poor and mutilated thing—
That's truth.

IV.

Progress

By Jack Drewry

The ship
With flapping sail
Is becalmed when the roar is heard
As the huge black bird, up high above
Flies on.

——o——

V.

Death

By Edith Scherer

Darkness
Comes silently:
At the close of the day
A midnight raven spreads its wings
O'er me.

——o——

VI.

The Doughboy Statue

By Dorothy Young

He stands
Through rain and wind,
His arm outstretched, lips parted
With a cry to comrades passed to the Great
Beyond.

——o——

VII

Lightning

By Leroy Clements

A flash,
A zig zag streak
That leaps across the sky,
Just stabs the earth with one quick thrust,
Then flees.

DAUGHTERS OF TODAY

By Dorothy Ritchie

Racing, ripping and raring they go tearing through the days, adding days to days until they become years. Who are they? And the answer is they are the daughters of today—the old ladies of to-morrow.

Hardly out of the cradle, daughter is dragged to the movies, the plays, the shows, in fact to everything that comes to town until she acquires a

real taste for that sort of entertainment. Then daughter must attend dancing school if she is to be a social success; so she goes, propelled by a mother who longs to see her daughter the belle of the town. Then, whether she be musically inclined or not, she must start piano at which she pecks for a number of years.

At last the darling child reaches the advanced age of thirteen, and mother, fearing her "eyeball" might not command sufficient attention from the gentlemen, launches a number of parties. Mother is delighted as one small specimen of manhood after another asks her daughter to dance. Daughter capers and prances in the sunshine of a mother's love. Yes, she will be a success if given the proper advantages.

Then the Rotary show approaches and all parents' ears are turned for their daughter's name to be mentioned as a member of the chorus. Mother thanks her lucky stars when a discreet Rotarian requests that her daughter be a chorus girl. Yes, indeed, considering the motive for the show, she'd be glad to help out. So, unabashed, daughter stands before the world scantily dressed and kicks for dear life. Daughter is so pretty and every one's noticing her. Mother goes home pleased.

Daughter isn't doing well at school, although she does study some. She has music one evening and dancing the next, and she has to go to the movies in the afternoon. She's so tired after supper it's a shame to make her go right to studying before she even rides around with her friends for a while.

Jimmie and Johnnie are so sweet to daughter and are crazy about riding in her car. She comes in about 9:30, plays the radio or victrola while she's studying, and goes off to bed about 10:30. Going to bed early is a good habit.

Once in a while father gets on a high horse and reprimands mother about "how she's raising daughter," but he's soon told who's boss in the household. He turns his attention back to the evening papers and tries not to hear the conversation which follows. Everybody else is letting her daughter do this and that and the other, so why should she restrict her child? Anyway, she danced beautifully and played bridge well. Father resolves to hold his tongue from now on and never approach the subject again.

So six years are necessary for daughter to finish four years of high school work. But then some of her friends haven't finished yet, and what did it matter as long as everybody else is in the same boat? So mother contributes to the world a girl of nineteen faded and worn already with the rounds of pleasure. She turns out a girl who can have a good time at a dance, but who gets no thrill out of it. Already much money must be spent to keep up her "looks." What will have to be spent by the time she's thirty?

All because mother and girl are afraid to be different from the crowd. Independence of thought and independence of action, where are they?

GLAMOR

By Marguerite Blue

A bright white shaft of light upon my jewel box
Now here, now there, is flashing everywhere
Among the looped and tangled, twisted ropes of beads
Which seem in the fairy beam like gems so rare,

I plunge my hand deep into the wondrous beauty.
These pearls, oh the shimmer and silver sheen of them!
This crimson-hued and glowing jewel emanates
The exquisite warmth of a priceless ruby gem.

This mystically gleaming and shimmering pile enchants me, holds me
Caught up in its looped and twisted and tangled mass,
But gone is the gleam and broken the spell; with the glamor past
I find the glitter I thought was gold is brass.

FRITZ

By R. Page Burwell

The Germans were exceedingly well prepared when they declared war on the world in general. Of course this declaration, which so shocked and later horrified all the civilized countries that did not unite in the proposed plans of the Kaiser's, was not made on the spur of the moment, but after years of complete preparation.

First of all, arms, ammunition, and all of their accessories were lying in unknown arsenals scattered throughout the empire. Standard uniforms of a nondescript color were issued as soon as war was declared, and though they had been ready for distribution for over a year, people living in Berlin did not know they existed until that fatal day. Helmets, bayonets, rifles, pistols, and many new and terrible implements of warfare appeared as if by magic.

While German geniuses were busy perfecting men for service, they also adopted the plan of using man's smartest, most loyal, and most lovable comrade, the dog.

Thus the well-known German Police dogs appeared on the battle fronts carrying messages for their country, with all the speed and determination that any well-bred dog will show in accomplishing a purpose for one he loves. These shadowy streaks of grey proved worth their expensive upkeep when time after time, though exposed to the deadly fire of the enemy, they succeeded in reaching the far off division of grey-clad soldiers with orders from headquarters. But not always without injury. Broken legs, lead-filled bodies, flesh cut to ribbons by steel jacket bullets; yet, in each case, any one of these dumb messengers, by staggering, falling, crawling or wiggling, would drag his tattered body on and on. Nor would he stop till he had accomplished his mission, for love, love of dog for man, drove him on to the last beat of his big loyal heart.

It was late evening of the second of May, 1919. Fritz, sad eyed, stood on the brow of a small rise of ground looking towards the west and the setting sun. War veteran, runner for the Kaiser's Imperial army, a distinguished German Police dog, four years of age, German record number 16415, Class R. So was Fritz known in his native land. He was known, at this time, in the little village of Winewood, a place little known, which was situated on the Hudson river, as simply, "that big grey dog of David Scott's."

When Fritz first set foot on American soil, he thought it a pleasant prospect for a home. Then David and he took a boat bound up the Hudson, and after a pleasant trip, arrived in David's home town, Winewood. In constant contact with his master and idol and being surrounded by hosts

of new and loving friends, Fritz was quite happy. But that was before * * * * I must explain the presence of this ex-service dog of the German army in our United States.

When but a puppy, Fritz was donated to the Kaiser's army by his master, a loyal subject. This young recruit was registered and named to suit the recruiting officer. The name is of no consequence and too long to write. It was, however, not Fritz, as I shall call him. Although there were thousands of untrained dogs, the trainers, picked and paid because of their skill and patience, gave each dog individual lessons as far as it was possible.

Fritz for the first month was well fed, petted, and played with by several men, all wearing uniforms of a queer greenish grey. This was to teach him that any man in this color uniform was his friend and was to be respected. Also he must follow an assigned man around until that person removed the queer little object from his (Fritz's) collar. A few more weeks of steady teaching and rewards for well learned lessons taught Fritz to find his man, who would hide himself in places difficult to reach. As the continuous roar of near-by cannon practice was heard around the training camp, the noise of warfare did not in any way affect his nerves.

The next great step was very severe, as it was meant to be. A man advanced on Fritz, one day, while he was eating. This man was dressed in blue, which fact Fritz noticed but did not heed as significant. Without the slightest reason, this oddly stuffed man proceeded to lash the dog unmercifully. As nothing but kindness had been shown to him before, Fritz, instead of cowering before the whip, drove straight for the throat of his antagonist. Dogs under careful care grow rapidly and now Fritz was a good sized dog. This padded man in the unfamiliar blue uniform was rather roughly handled by Fritz until some grey-clad figures began to come to the rescue. At first the dog was not sure as to the intentions of these men in grey, but he was not long kept in doubt. These men after leading away the victim, caressed and in many ways praised the mistreated dog. The food, however, was removed in order that Fritz might brood over his sores caused by the man in blue. After a service of punishments by men wearing blue and khaki, followed by all kinds of encouragement and friendly dealings by the men in grey, Fritz learned to hate and attack all French and American soldiers and to love, respect, and obey all Germans. To steer clear of the enemy while carrying messages was taught in the course of time.

Fritz's age kept him out of actual service until the closing of the war. In his six months of serving his fatherland he so threw self-preservation to the winds and so unfalteringly accomplished his missions that before long he was given a medal for valor under fire. This token of honor was clasped on the collar of brave Fritz.

In the meantime, not many miles distant, the American troops were preparing for an attack. Orders were being dispatched in all directions, bustle and commotion were everywhere. This was the evening of the tenth of November, 1918. Early falling darkness caused the attack to be delayed with the strictest order to be ready to go over the top at 4:20 A. M.

In the ranks that lay awake that night fully armed, determined that on the morrow at the specified time they would carry the flag of their United States through and over any obstacles in the form of grey-clad Germans, was one man who wished he were at home once more. If it may be called cowardly to tremble

and long for home when one knows that, before five hours will have passed, he must walk directly into the face of probably a hundred machine guns, each firing a stream of hot steel in a sweeping semicircle, then David Scott was a coward. David was willing to fight any man at any time with any weapon common to each. But he realized how small his chance for life was against a gun which fired sixty shots a second when he himself had but a single action rifle. The fact that David had chosen to learn war tactics in a military school back home, in the position of a machine gunner, did not comfort him that night. Too well did he know how destructive such an instrument could be when in good hands.

Afraid or not, he would advance with his buddies when the hour came. It would not be long now. The zero hour, known only to soldiers ready to advance, was almost at hand. Ten more minutes now. The boys, many of whom were preparing for their doom, looked to their rifles and clinched their teeth.

Only one more minute. A deadly silence hung everywhere. At this time the lovable part of the American doughboy is always shown, for as the French would be praying extravagantly and calling on every saint known to that nation, our boys remained calm and confident, and smiled at this time. For many it was their last hour, but still, to smile in the face of danger and death itself was but the nature of the flower of America.

"Ready!"

Many thoughts of home suddenly were shattered as minds returned to realties. Faces grew pale. The zero hour had arrived.

"Advance!"

Once out of the trenches, following close behind a heavy barrage, the advancing troops adopted a pace which would keep them at a correct distance from the moving wall of fire. Bayonets pointed straight ahead, ready for the lifting of the barrage, which would be immediately followed by the charge.

As quickly as it had started, the artillery ceased to fire, and in one long line the American troops dashed towards the German trenches. By sheer weight and number did they get within striking distance of the enemy. The machine guns mowed them down in heaps, taking the lives of dozens at a time. Those remaining completed the charge, and being in close contact with the bloody bayonets of the khaki, the grey surrendered.

In a deep shell hole, near which the right wing of the advancing troops had passed, lay suffering the wounded David Scott. A bullet had entered one leg at the thigh, barely grazing the bone. His other leg was broken below the knee, as a result of the fall into the shell hole. The impact of the bullet had spun poor David around like a top causing him to take a sudden if not graceful tumble into the abyss. Unconsciousness followed from the shock and loss of blood.

While David was lying crushed and indeed a pitiful sight, Fate was working in his favor. Sniffing here and there at the dead bodies, Fritz walked uncertainly about the deserted battlefield. Never before had he been in this predicament. He had always found some friend to direct him to the division to which he belonged. But now not a soul could he find. That his whole division had been captured seemed ridiculous.

Fate caused David to awake just as Fritz paused to survey the landscape in hope of seeing alive some grey-clad figure. Silhouetted against the blue sky stood this magnificent dog entirely unaware that he was being observed from the depths of

"second fiddle"? He doubted it. he was so unconsciously posing.

As he had loved dogs since he was a boy, David Scott wished with all his heart that he could take back to America with him such a perfect specimen of dog beauty. If he just had a rope with which he might lasso this animal!

An idea! Why not do as other good shots before him had done. Had not his great grandfather captured horses by means of a gun? Well then, he could do it. David drew his army automatic. The exact spot lay just back of the front shoulders, sufficiently deep into the meat to barely scrape the back bone and nervous cord leading to the brain. If he shot too high the dog would escape with only a flesh wound, but what was worse, if he shot too low it meant death to this statue-like giant. This last thought caused the dog lover to lower the gun he had partly raised. Then another thought struck him. He would be called on by duty to shoot this dog. Fritz might have some message in the tube strapped to his collar, in which case David must intercept it. Well, if he must fire he would try to capture the dog at the same time.

Calculating to a hair's breadth David Scott aimed as carefully as if his life, and not Fritz's, depended on the shot. He pulled the trigger. A spurt of flame followed closely by a sharp "crack." Fritz gave a yelp as he jumped into the air, falling into the shell hole almost on top of the wounded soldier. A hasty examination showed that the shot had produced the desired effect, inasmuch as it had rendered the Police dog helpless in his unconsciousness, which was but temporary. Red Cross stretcher-bearers, finding the two, carried them to the base hospital.

During the long months it took for David's legs to heal correctly, the soldier and dog gradually made friends. Fritz was surprised, indeed, that boys in khaki were just as friendly as those he had known in grey.

The war was over now. He had done his part to the best of his ability. Certainly in his advanced age he was due peace, love, and respect. Whether it was due or not, he did not get it.

The reason for his discomfort was simple and to Fritz inexcusable. His poor sap of a master had yielded to the temptation of seeking company with the fair sex. The idea! Instead of taking the customary Sunday afternoon walks with the great Fritz of Germany, his idol left him at home, and off went David Scott to visit a belle of the neighboring town. It seemed bad enough to center his attentions on one girl in particular, but when, to cap the climax, the master of the house ceased to remain at home sufficiently long to be recognized as such, Fritz began fully to preceive the true state of affairs. He would often ascend the little hill near by and tell his troubles to the setting sun.

Fritz loved David, and of course David loved his dog. That anyone else might be similarly attached to his master never occurred to this miserable sufferer. What he knew, or rather suspected, was that David loved something else or someone else (Fritz suspected the latter) more than his hairy wartime friend. This hurt his dignity. To have a rival, he, the famous German war dog; and that rival a woman. The idea! Of course it was a woman. Another dog would have fought him for the devotion. It wasn't a man since Fritz hadn't as yet met a man named Edith.

Edith, Edith, Edith. That's all David seemed to know to talk about. He had listened out of pure curiosity in hope of being able to picture the offensive personage until his poor

master began composing poetry to his beloved. Fritz would now leave the house when David arrived from work. He hated to watch and listen to his friend making such a fool of himself.

At last, the last thread binding David and Fritz together was on the point of breaking. On the hill that evening the brave veteran was telling the sun of his contemplated surrender. Yes, he would run away. A cowardly thing to do. And he a soldier's dog, running from a woman. Yet, could his loyal heart "play "second field"? He doubted it. Something seemed to tell him that on this day David had made a fool of himself and was even then, more than probably, bringing his wife home with him. Well, he would wait. If David brought a wife home with him, then he (Fritz) would consider it a choice.

Just as the sun sank behind its bank of gilt-edge clouds, David arrived at his home with Edith. Fritz saw them through misty eyes.

"So long, David."

Fritz turned and slowly wended his way down the opposite side of the hill. His pride prohibited his returning; his heart was too full of love for his pal to allow him to go farther. Growing very tired and weary, Fritz lay down, never to rise again.

TRIOLETS

I.

A Smile

By Marguerite Blue

She smiled sweetly at me
Then went into the garden.
Her dimples played, you see,
When she smiled sweetly at me.
So how could I foresee
That her fickle heart would harden?
For she smiled sweetly at me,
Then went into the garden.

——o——

II.

Astronomy

By Marguerite Blue

The stars that twinkle in your eyes
Have led me to delve in astronomy.
I wondered so if they told me lies,
These stars that twinkle in your eyes.
I studied, I learned, now I am wise.
The stars say you are fond of me,
These stars that twinkle in your eyes;
It was thus I delved in astronomy.

III.

A Bird

By Jacob Crocker

A bird was sitting in the tree;
His voice was clear and sweet and gay,
And as sweet music came to me
A bird was sitting in the tree.
And though the bird I could not see,
I knew, as on I made my way,
A bird was sitting in the trree.
His voice was clear and sweet and gay.

——o——

IV.

Spring

By Blanche Pride

When winter has passed and spring begun,
The air grows warm and the grass grows green:
Our hearts are filled with joy and fun
When winter has passed and spring begun;
The woods are alive and brooks again run,
We gaze on beauty that was unseen
Ere winter had passed and spring begun,
And the air grows warm and the grass grows green.

——o——

V.

The Troilet

By James Hemphill

A strange thing is a triolet:
It does not seem to have much sense,
So many rhymes one has to get—
A strange thing is a triolet.
To write one is so hard, you bet;
It is French poetry, and hence
A strange thing is a triolet:
It does not seem to have much sense.

——o——

VI.

Good Intentions

By Florrie Wilkinson

I intended to shop,
But I stopped in a show.
My plans took a flop—
I intended to shop.
It's too late now to stop,
For home I must go.
I intended to shop,
But I stopped in a show.

STUDENTS AND TEACHERS

By Virginia Perry

Why is it that the students in high school entertain such an unreasonable attitude in regard to the faculty? Is it the fault of the teachers or that of the pupils? Of course, one admits that there are two sides to every question.

Life in one high school is practically a replica of life in another; the same characters seem to be represented.

There is always that very efficient but officious member of the faculty who no doubt attends to her own affairs very well but to the affairs of others too well. She is the bane of every pupil and is generally called "lemon-face."

Naturally one always has the absent-minded professor, the kindly old man who forgets to send in his reports and who can't possibly manage the boys. There seems to be a rivalry among his pupils to see which one can "cut up" most. The good-natured old soul takes all these petty annoyances with a patient sigh and strives to maintain order. And yet, when one leaves his class, one has not only a complete knowledge of his subject but also a rich store of experiences.

Then there is the silly, simpering, dyed-in-the-wool old maid who imagines that the students have just graduated from kindergarten and who proceeds to instruct them in the correct way to write their names. She usually enjoys the society of the young men, and often the girls sigh for a pair of knickers. However she seldom does much harm and everyone lets it go at that.

The "math" teacher is likely to be one of these straight-faced fellows who knows that procrastination is the failing of all mankind. The number of times pupils neglect to hand in homework papers would be a problem which even he would have difficulty solving.

And then one has the delightful professor who rambles on, especially during a dry lesson, and relates his boyhood experiences. He's the kind easily led off the subject but who quite frequently manages to make his convictions one's own convictions, and in the long run crams one's head with ideas of vital importance.

One can always find the matronly old lady whom every pupil admires and respects. She is invariably the center of all of the girls' activities.

In contrast to her is the sporty young instructress to whom the feminine tribe look for the styles. She's never been to Columbia and hasn't the stereotyped ideas of just how to teach, but one learns and learns well in spite of that.

The women teachers seem to have a knack for sticking to the subject in hand, and the men just meander along, but they get there just the same.

Students are constantly grumbling about this teacher or that teacher, and what suits one pupil doesn't suit the other. One wonders if they ever stopped to consider with what every member of the faculty has to contend daily.

Just about every pupil is an excellent example of "the chewing gum American."

Then there's the couple who absolutely insist upon blocking traffic in the halls while they exchange words and glances—glances mostly, you can bet. This process is called by the enlightening appellation of "making time." It might be named more properly "wasting time."

Down the hall a little farther one will meet the hail-fellow-well-met kind whose effervescence of good-

will could very easily be dispensed with.

And thus it goes on. For you see the dear children have entirely too much to do to study any lessons.

It would be a fine thing if these numerous school activities, which are always searching so diligently for some worthy aim, would promote a movement designed to create better feeling between faculty and student body.

SAND PITS

By William Dunford

Your surface is marred and spotted
By the clay, the loam, and the rain
And man is forever working
To get from you his gain.

As I look on your face this evening
Thru the sunset's dying glow,
Down by the old creek pasture
I hear a milch cow low.

And my heart is deeply affected
By the thought the scene evokes,
Of a Carolina homestead
Sheltered by lofty oaks.

About you is a stately grandeur
That man has only seen
In some old southern mansion
Or the palace of a queen.

I love your varied colors
Where the shades of brown hold sway,
And crumbling side walls seem to prove
The beauty of decay.

But I'm tired of row and rabble,
I'm looking for quiet and peace,
And I know the soil gives solace
Where the labors of men shall cease.

SUE'S SURPRISE

By Margaret Friend

"Oh mom!" cried blue-eyed, golden-haired Betty, gayly dancing into the house with a letter which the postman had just brought, "It's from Sue! Open it and read it please, Mamma Gray!"

Mamma Gray was just as anxious as her little seven-year-old daughter, for Sue was fulfilling her life-long ambition, visiting her grown-up cousin in the city. Sue was nineteen years old and this was the first time

she had ever been on a visit to the city. She had always had the desire to be a grown young lady with men quarreling over her and sending her candy and flowers. But so far her dreams had not come true, and her only hero was freckle-faced, sunburnt Ben, who lived next door and whom she had been playing with ever since she could remember.

Ben could be a nice looking boy if he wanted to, but he just didn't care, for he knew that he was the only man in Sue's sight and that she would accept him anytime he wanted to be accepted because he was the only one. But now since Sue had gone to the city, Ben had begun to worry a bit, and hung around the large frame house every spare minute, hoping to hear a word every now and then from her. So this particular morning when Betty brought Sue's letter to Mamma Gray to read, Ben was there too, smiling and happy.

Mamma Gray quickly opened the letter and read:

Mamma Gray Dearest,

I haven't long to write because I'm going out with a wonderful man breezin' this evening, or, as you would say, automobile riding, to a little tea room about 25 miles from here to take dinner and go to the opera afterwards. But I just wanted to let you know that I'll be home day after tomorrow on the 4:50 train.

I'm having a perfectly wonderful time and have something thrilling to tell you all when I get home; haven't time to write it, but it's good news! Whoopeeeee! ! !

I love you all,

SUE.

P. S.—Tell Ben "Hey."

Mamma Gray finished the letter, then looked at Ben. "Well, I'm glad Sue is having a good time, but Ben, you'd better look out, I'm afraid she's changed a little bit."

"Yes, I'm afraid so too."

That afternoon Ben went to the village and bought himself a new suit, new shoes, with socks, tie and handkerchief to match.

Wednesday dawned bright and early. The whole Gray household was up and about at seven, their usual rising hour, even to old, deaf Granddaddy, who was an eighty-year-old veteran of the Civil War. At eight Tommy and Betty were packed off to school, and at nine Mamma Gray and Aunt Jane began cleaning up and cooking for Sue's return.

How the morning did fly! Finally three o'clock came and Tommy and Betty came from school. Four o'clock came, and all the family piled into the old Ford and started to the station which was about ten miles down the road. They arrived in about a half hour and waited, and waited, and waited. Each minute seemed an hour, but finally the train came puffing into the station. All the passengers got off and finally Tommy shouted, "Hoo-h, there she is!" The whole family rushed to where Sue stood and surrounded her, each trying to get the first kiss. When the first welcomes were over, they all piled once more into the car and started back home, each trying to outtalk the other until even Granddaddy could almost hear them.

At supper that night Sue began telling of all her wonderful times.

"And Mamma Gray, you can't imagine what a grand—Betty! look at your dress! You've spilt blackberry jam all over it and it stains too. Mamma, when are you going to teach Betty not to spill things on her clothes? She's awful!—Well, and so that night we went to a dance at the club and I met some of the cutest people there. When Betty

grows up, I hope she'll learn how to behave in case she goes to the city. And look at Tommy! Mamma, if Eleanor's little brother ever licked his knife, his father would send him straight from the table. I think Betty and Tommy are both perfectly hopeless!

"And Mamma we didn't get home till two. It seems so funny to be going to bed at two and getting up at about eleven. Oh! I had the most marvelous time! His name is Bruce Worthington. Isn't that a beautiful name? And he's coming to see me Sunday—next Sunday—Oh! baby! !"

"Which one?" demanded Granddaddy.

"Mother, what is he talking about? Which what?" asked Sue impatiently.

"I don't know, dear. Ask him."

"What did you say, Granddaddy?"

"I said which baby are you talking about? Did you say something about a baby? Mrs. Miller's baby has the whooping cough, and I had to go for the doctor last night. It's been right sick, but the doctor says that he thinks it'll be all right in a little while. Mrs. Jones' baby had the measles too, and I was just going to bed one night about a week ago when she called me up and said—"

"Granddaddy, I didn't say anything about anybody's baby!" shouted Sue.

"Huh? What did you say?"

"I said I didn't say anything about anybody's baby," shrieked poor Sue.

"Oh! I thought you did; I declare, it's so funny the way you misunderstand people sometimes—"

"Yes, it certainly it. Somebody please pass me the butter," groaned Sue.

So supper went on. After it was over and Mamma Gray was sitting quietly by the fire sewing, Sue came and knelt down by her and said, "Momsey, dear, when Bruce comes, won't you do something to keep Tommy, Betty and Granddaddy from being so countryfied and dumb? Since I've been to the city and seen some other kind of life, this seems so dull and monotonous and I don't want Bruce to think so, because I almost think I love him. So won't you help me teach them something before he comes?"

"We'll see," was all that Mamma Gray replied.

The next night supper was quite a trying meal for the whole family.

"Tommy, the very next time you lick your knife, I'm going to get permission from mother to spank you, and, Betty, I have told you two million times not to put so much jelly on your bread at one time. No wonder you spill so much.

"Granddaddy," screamed Sue, "please don't put your napkin in your neck. It's babyish and besides it's falling too!"

"My goodness! Why didn't you tell me before. I have a hard time keeping it stuck in." And with that he stuck his napkin more securely in his collar.

"Well, thank goodness Bruce isn't coming till Sunday," Sue said to herself.

Saturday the whole family were busy making cakes and cooking for Sunday. Even Betty and Tommy were making mud cakes, and Sue was busy sewing on a new dress which she was making to wear. By this time Granddaddy had learned to put his napkin in his lap and not in his neck, and Betty had been successfully taught not to put so much jam on her bread, and Tommy never licked his knife any more. So Sue was slightly relieved now, although she dreaded Bruce's seeing the family, fearing they would make some terrible break.

Sunday came, and so did Bruce in his Packard roadster. He came about

an hour before dinner and was met by the whole family. Mamma Gray looked charming in a simple gray dress with real lace collar and cuffs, while Betty and Tommy were rubbed and polished to the highest degree by Sue, in spite of Mamma's protest at having them look unnatural. Granddaddy was in his best suit feeling very uncomfortable, while Sue, although she looked sweet and pretty, was very uneasy. She gracefully introduced the older folks, but Betty and Tommy did not wait for an introduction. They ran up to him and cried, "Hey Bruce!" Then seeing the frown on Sue's face, stopped and said very soberly, "Howdy do, Mr. Worthington." Then the family fell into conversation while Betty and Tommy ran out to play.

In about an hour the dinner bell rang and the family sat down to the meal. Betty was so excited that in putting jam on her bread, she forgot completely and spilt it all over her Sunday dress. When she looked at Sue's expression, she burst out crying. Then Bruce called her around the table to him and taking out his handkerchief wiped her tears and wiped her pretty little dress and kissed each little dimpled cheek. Sue in her heart envied her little sister and could have scolded her to tears again, if she dared. Tommy got so excited at Bruce's kissing his little sister that he forgot and put his knife in his mouth, and Granddaddy wiped his fingers on his coat, thinking it was his napkin, getting grease on his best Sunday suit.

Then on top of all that Granddaddy started telling of his childhood days. Sue tried to motion him to stop, but could not catch his eye. She looked at Bruce and saw that his face wore an amused expression; she knew exactly what he was thinking about. He was thinking that this was the craziest family he had ever seen, little children eating with their knives and spilling food all over their clothes and even Granddaddies wiping their fingers on their coats. She just knew that he was waiting to see what was going to happen next. And surely enough, just as Aunt Jane was lifting her glass to her lips, her hand slipped and down fell the glass, breaking in pieces on the floor and spilling water all over her dress and Bruce's suit.

Would this disgraceful meal never end so she would be free to do or say anything she wanted to?

Finally it was over and after they had talked in the parlor for a while, Bruce said that he would have to leave in order to be back in the city for a business engagement at nine.

When he had gone, Sue ran up to her room and cried and cried. She was furious with everybody in the family except Mamma Gray. It wasn't so very horrible for Betty and Tommy and Granddaddy; in fact she was expecting that, but Aunt Jane in addition! How could she have been so mean. It was just an accident though and couldn't be helped. Oh well! it was all over now.

"I don't reckon I'll ever hear from Bruce again except probably a note to tell me what a good time he had," she said to herself, "and boy! what a marvelous time he must have had! Ruining his handkerchief with blackberry jam and nearly getting drowned in a glass of water. I hate everybody and I hate Bruce too!" And she cried herself to sleep.

The next morning early she was awakened by a loud ringing of the front door bell. Slipping on her bath robe, she tiptoed down the steps and opened the door.

"Special for Miss Sue Gray. Sign here, please."

Sue signed and when the boy had gone she opened and read the letter. When she had finished, she ran up

the steps and burst into the children's room, woke them up and to their utmost amazement kissed them frantically. Then into Aunt Jane's room for the same purpose and then into Granddaddy's. Last she went into Mamma Gray's room and crawled into bed with her.

"Momsy darling, let me read you a part of Bruce's letter—'I just fell in love with every member of your family from darling little Betty to dear old Granddaddy. Give them all my love and tell them to get ready for another visit from me real soon. I was so sorry that I had to leave so soon, but I'm coming back soon to see the sweetest little girl in the world and to ask her a question to which I hope she will answer, "Yes."

I love you,

BRUCE.'

"Mumsey, isn't he the sweetest thing! I should have known that he would love Betty and Tommy and Granddaddy and Aunt Jane without putting on so many frills, and I just don't see how he could help loving you."

"Or you either, darling."

"Mamma Gray, I just love everybody and I'm so happy!"

VERSES

By Charles Friend

I.

The Deserter

Before, the guns of Austria stand,
The guns of France behind.
O why did I in frenzy flee!
What madness filled my mind!

The zero hour had almost come,
And in my place I stood
Waiting eagerly for the time
To make my failures good.

At half past three by this old watch,
My pal-in-arms was praying.
I punched him in the ribs and said:
"This ain't no time for braying."

"Silence on the right, you fool."
At once my mind was fiery,
I left the company where it stood,
And crawled. The mud was miry.

And now I lie a wounded man;
My body's shot to pieces,
But here I fell and here I'll stay
Until my heart-beat ceases.

But die I must, and die I will.
An idiot's corpse I'll be,
And mothers raising up their sons
Will point, with shame, at me.

II.

Signboards

On either side the roads there stand
Long rows of signs that hide the land.
And advertise Piedmonts and 'Strikes,
And gas, and oils, and paints, and bikes.

Here's one that's red, with green and white,
That brings to us electric light.
There's one that's tall, and broad and dark,
That advertises tires by Clark.

O why should we who love to look
On field and stream and babbling brook,
Have only signs and signs to see,
No matter where we traveling be?

ON ADVERTISEMENTS

By James Hemphill

Advertisements! Countless, glaring ads! My outstanding hobby?—Yes, strange as it may seem, my hobby is reading, collecting, and answering advertisements.

Goofy? Dumb! Did you call me? Why, my dear reader, I am not at all. I have my hobby as other people have theirs. Nevertheless, I grant you that such a hobby is rather unusual. Now isn't it?

Advertisements affect me in so many ways. Often I have, on finding no other pleasant recreation, adapted my somewhat lazy anatomy to the easy comforts of a Chesterfield and fumbled over the pleasing advertisements of some magazine around the house. Possibly I "reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet," or in some way complete the necessary arrangements to make myself entirely comfortable. For hour after hour I read and reread the glaring offers and opportunities afforded in the advertisements. I very seldom tire of my strange hobby because it is one that affords such a fascinating variety of strange thoughts and queer interests.

With all my worldly cares and troubles magically banished, I begin to glance leisurely over pages of ads while my mind wonders off into strange worlds of imaginations and possibilities. My rather alert mental facilities startle as they suddenly comprehend a gripping section of an exaggerated advertisement which reads something like this: "Bashful? Shame on you! . . . Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. Send 25c for new amazing book!" Imagine it! All one's faults overcome by sending a trifling, measly quarter for an entirely new amazing booklet. The truth of the matter, or the question that arises in my mind is this: Am I bashful enough not to send the necessary quarter? I pass over such an advertisement thinking it is another one that couldn't be true. Nevertheless, I clip it to add to my collection of "Impossibilities."

I read on and presently come across another one equally as startling and seemingly untrue: "Learn to dance!

This new easy way! Send no money! Just mail us your name and address!" I take a deep slow breath and sigh with a somewhat disgusted air, as I try to figure out how it is possible to learn to dance (when I already know) without sending any money. True? I question it.

Shifting a foot and pausing for a moment, I halt to gaze at the pile of ads I have already collected. The magazine closes itself and I notice the advertisement on the back. This one reads: "Unique invention arouses a whirlwind of national interest! Makes one blade last 365 days! Just turn the crank. No more blades to buy! Long John of Kenosha has used one single blade for more than five solid years and still experiences the coolest shaves of his life! Just turn the crank!" read this advertisement again and chuckle, wondering what this old world of ours would come to if everybody "just turned the crank" and shaved for five years with the same blade.

But here's one more provoking than ever: "He was a failure, but didn't know it! Use this new wonder skin soap for success and happiness." I then begin to wonder if my many failures and shortcomings have been because I did not happen to be acquainted with this new success and happiness-giving soap. Could the mere use of a particular brand of soap change the lives and destinies of people? I wonder. I wonder. I wonder!

In the course of my extensive advertisement reading I do not fail to read ads about various trips and tours. I derive a great deal of pleasure from reading such ads. I distinctly recall one of the most impressive advertisements of this nature which read something like this: "Why you will linger enchanted in the land of fascinating travel experiences. Tour the world on your own schedule! Enjoy the unique privileges of this steamship service. See Japan—the land of sunny days and silvery nights. Let us help you with your travel plans! Send at once for complete booklet and catalogue." Such a pleasant ad! I carefully cut out such ads as these and a few others, so I may wander off into the fascinating land of silvery nights in my air castles.

Surely reading advertisements provides "moments I would like to live over" even if it is why "mother gets gray" and why "heroes are made, not born out our way."

WATERS

I.

A River

By Leroy Clements

My! How quietly a river is born on this earth,
In the winter beneath the dark gray skies,
Less noisy than any creature at its birth,
And by far in a whiter blanket it lies.

But it does not stay an infant all its life
And begins to crawl 'neath the rays of the sun:
To play in the sands and to dodge among the rocks,
Which enables it soon to leap and to run.

The carefree chattering stream makes its careless way
In search of companions to share its joy,
And becoming stronger like healthy robust youths
Goes laughing, dancing like a boy.

The water that was once a hill of snow
Is now a smoothly gliding creek.
Obstructed once in a while and caused to go slow,
But always there is an escape to seek.

When the creek encounters the river, beginning its prime
It leaves its soft notes for the voice of a man;
It slushes and gushes and growls at each large rock,
And tugs at it as hard as it can.

But the prime of a river doesn't last very long,
And soon approaches the crisis, the fall,
Where it roars like thunder in June to proclaim his doom,
And then passes off with no noise at all.

It moves along like an old bent man, without speech;
Just a murmur as it slaps the shore;
Just a splash, splash, splash as it washes some ship's prow,
Only this soft whisper and nothing more.

A river has his second childhood like a man.
It regains its force; it regains its voice.
But not for long does the ocean hold its prey
For the river has an eternal course.

——o——

II.

Wild Waters

By Dorothy Ritchie

Wild waves surging on the beach,
Beating on the sands,
Grasping all within their reach
With their greedy hands.

Rolling, tumbling, rushing shoreward,
Maddened by the wind;
Breaking, splashing, dashing skyward,
Lashing all they find.

Sullen clouds all black, forlorn,
Scudding 'cross the sky;
White caps nearing, riding on,
Waters mountain high.

Screaming seagulls in the haze
Circling here and there,
Trapped like humans in a daze
Searching safety's lair.

III.

The Rippling Brook

By Frances Whitt

In winter when I walk to the brook,
And see fair flakes so white,
I wonder if the snow will melt
When spring comes tripping light.

One day as I go down the lane,
I listen, and what do I hear?
The merry notes of the running brook,
As I am drawing near.

When the beautiful water comes trickling down
Upon the rocks so gray,
It sounds like the tinkling of a bell
At the merry dawn of day.

I stand and gaze at the rippling brook
As it glides so merrily.
It makes me think of the fairy nymphs
Dancing happily.

——o——

IV.

Water

By Ben Campbell

Turn on the faucet and out it comes,
Gushing, rushing, glad to be free,
Sometimes singing, or so it seems,
As only freedom can make it be.

It splashes and gurgles and sparkles too,
Dances and jumps on everything,
On good or bad just so it's near;
It isn't as gentle as a spring.

And then it is a beautiful sight,
This colorless substance so crystal clear,
Carelessly catching each ray of light,
Or sunny beams that come so near.

Water, water, such a madness!
Tumbling from its prison dark,
Bubbling gleefully in its journey,
Happy and carefree as a lark.

AN EAST SIDE INCIDENT

By Louise Hawkins

Owing to my business relations with several firms in New York. I am a frequent visitor to that city, but my first and most interesting trip there occurred in 1920. I was stopping over in New York for three weeks, and on my first afternoon there wandered over to the East Side in the district commonly called the slums.

I had not gone far when I was suddenly assailed by a small red-headed cyclone selling papers. This gusty young person leaped and danced about me in such a way as absolutely to obstruct my path, and I had to stop to keep from stepping on him. As soon as he had succeeded in stopping me he calmed down and began to eulogize the papers which he carried under his arm. I have never since had the opportunity of looking into such a mischievous and thoroughly Irish face. For a moment all I could see was freckles, hundreds of them. Finally I distinguished a very flat nose, a pair of very green eyes and a shock of strawberry-colored hair which had a tendency to stand on end.

He was the friendliest little fellow I ever saw and before long—I never knew quite how he did it—but he had sold me five copies of his paper and was inviting me home to see his puppy. I protested that perhaps his mother would object, but he replied that he had no mother and that he and a lad named Michael Vincio lived together.

My curiosity was now aroused and I consented to go home with him. He talked constantly as we walked along, and I learned that both he and Michael were orphans and "bach'd" alone. Michael, it seemed, was a musician and spent entirely too much time playing, according to my practical little friend's idea.

In a little while we came to a ramshackle old building in which the two boys lived. On the way upstairs I asked my companion what his name was. He replied that his real name was Alfonso but that the fellows called him Freckles. I could scarcely imagine anyone calling him Alfonso.

As he opened a door on the third floor I caught sight of the most beautiful face I have ever seen on a small boy. The dark hair and skin were set off by the fiery black eyes, which at times took on a dreamy look and again flashed as though they contained living fires. He was a little bit more bashful than Freckles, but in only a short while he was eagerly telling me about an interesting experience of his. The puppy, an airdale of doubtful ancestry, was also an affectionate little creature, so in a few minutes we were seated comfortably on the bed, chatting like lifelong friends. I found that Michael was really something of a prodigy as a violinist, and I determined to see that he got a teacher.

I would gladly have spent hours there, but as I was already late to a business appointment, I was obliged to leave. However, I promised to come back the next day and bring the puppy a collar.

All next day I was impatient to be with them again, but I did not have a chance to go back until about four o'clock. I hastened to the old building, planning all kinds of nice things for the two boys.

As I opened the door, I saw a sight which I shall never be able to forget. Little Michael lay upon the rickety old bed, evidently in pain, for his hands were clenched and his face was

very white. Beside him knelt Freckles, trying to administer some kind of aid.

At first I could get nothing out of them, but after I had examined Michael and sent for an ambulance, Freckles told me the trouble; he himself was really to blame, according to his story, because as he was selling papers on the corner, he was attacked by three of his rivals who wanted this site for their evening's sales. Michael, it seems, had overcome his natural dislike for fights and had leaped into the brawl to aid Freckles. One of the larger boys had landed a blow on the little fellow's chin and hurled him against a fire-plug. Freckles had gotten some men to bring him home because Michael couldn't get up.

I decided from the account and from examining the little fellow that he must have hurt his spine.

When the ambulance arrived Freckles and I went along to the hospital. We waited for three long hours before the doctor came out and explained to us that Michael's spine was severely strained and in all probability he would never walk again.

I have always been thankful that I had discovered the two little fellows before this happened, for I dread to think what would have be come of Michael.

As soon as he was able to play his violin, I secured my friend, Herr von Kreutzer, as his teacher. He was delighted with the child's ability and declared that he was a genius. I took both boys to my home and raised them as my own sons. Today Michael is in Europe studying his beloved music, and Freckles has just received an appointment to West Point. I believe that they are both happy, and I'm sure they have been the greatest comforts of my old age.

ROMANCINGS

By Norman G. McCaleb

I.

The March

Rolling, rumbling onward,
Marching o'er the sky;
Ready for the battle,
Armies up on high.

Column after column;
Hear the mighty tread,
Moving steady onward,
Rank on rank of dead.

Soldiers from the armies
Of the long ago,
Victims of the reaper
Who never needs to sow.

Mighty Julius Caesar,
Kings of France and Spain.
Wellington from England
March on heaven's plain.

Napoleon stands so thoughtful,
Peter called the Great,
Washington and Jackson
Fearing not defeat.

Many, many others
Marching o'er the sky,
Ready for the battle,
Armies up on high.

—o—

II.

Dreaming

Dreaming, drifting far away
Into a land of love,
Back into the long ago
Where skies are blue above.

Riding, moving far and wide
With flowery knights of old,
Mighty broadsword at my side
And men so brave and bold.

Roving through the green Sherwood
Cheered by wine and song,
Led by carefree Robin Hood,
Enemies of wrong.

Roaming back to Sunny France
A musketeer, beware!
Loving at a maiden's glance,
A gallant free from care.

Fighting, loving through the years
Through days of love so true,
Knowing naught of earthly fears
Where skies are always blue.

Slowly, backward now I sail
Away from lands so fair,
Rivers, mountains, streams and dales
To cities' smoky air.

LUNCH AT SCHOOL

By Marguerite Blue

Petersburg High School should have a track team, for we have some excellent runners developed by the daily 12:35 rush. In spite of the teachers' most frantic efforts, the recess bell is looked upon as a release from all restraint. Courtesy and good breeding are forgotten, as are

the common decencies of everyday life. Their motto is "Heaven helps those who help themselves." They so conform to this rule of theirs that Heaven can't possibly find any way left to help them.

Now the other day I entered into this turmoil and thereby reached my room, finding my desk, which is at the door, stacked high with books. Trusting my precious armful to the precarious angle of my seat I made a dash to the other end of the hall, meeting with none other than the usual minor collisions. I took my stand at the head of the steps and braced myself against the onslaught to come from behind. This was our longed for week to go down the steps, not even stopping to pick up a fallen brother. I reached the basement and found, to my great dismay, a long line of first floor girls who had slipped around by the front door. I and a dozen others headed for the end of this line, many darting in ahead of me. As the line grew longer, the girls passed the end of it. Some innocently sauntered up and down while asking to let them in. This right procured, they ducked their heads and 'ran for it,' appearing in line with an air of stability that would make an American dollar envious; others, not quite so conscientious, merely ducked their heads as they ran and with a rude push straightened up in a justly aggrieved victim's place. Adding insult to injury, she let in several others of her friends. Finally, finding myself very near the end of the line I was once heading, I dropped out and got my lunch after the line was through. Now, etiquette allows twenty inches space to a person at a table, but ten inches is a generous space at the cafeteria counter. Making myself as compact as possible, I nerved myself for the ordeal of eating with my arm being continuously jostled by persons passing behind me. As I ate, trays began to pile up about me, as many as eight deep in places. On the other side of the room one of them slid off to the floor of its own accord, making an unearthly din. With a bag of potato chips I wended my way through the hall. Though waylaid many times and partially relieved of my burden, I finally reached the vicinity of the water-fountain, which is habitually as closely guarded as would be a fountain of youth. With the plebeian object of refreshing my mind on some notes I had with me, I found a seat on the ice-box used as an auxiliary lunch room. Amid the shouting and shrieking I composed myself to looking over my notes and eating the few remaining chips. The crash of a prematurely folding chair scattered the scant results of my tedious effort at studying and I thankfully rose to the call of the 12:55 bell, for once not rebellious at the powers who cheat us out of five minutes at each end of our supposedly thirty minute recess.

A YOUTH'S VIOLIN

By Vivian Moore

Play again, play again, youth young and strong;
How the soft melody floats in the air;
Voices seem whispering—play right along—
Doubting and dreaming, I climb the old stair.

Soul of the music—a tortured delight,
Slowly in rhythm, my heart beats high—
Pealing sublimely; the world seems all right,
In joy and contentment, I utter a sigh.

In rapture I hear from my window seat;
All the trials of life seem gone. Oh you,
Spirit of comfort and love, defeat
The storms, make the darkest nights seem few.

A CONGO INCIDENT

By Louise Hawkins

In the northern part of Belgian Congo there is an isolated trading post known to the natives as Takkei. This post is at least fifty miles from any settlement and is situated in one of the widlest and least explored stretches of the jungles of Africa. There are no railroads or highways but only a narrow footpath, which is at times over-run with tropical vines and completely obscured.

No one knows why this post was established, as there are very few natives in that section. The post was kept up by Karl Emreich, a sullen German, about whose past no one seemed to know anything. The only other white inhabitant there was an Englishman, Simon D'Alton, who spent from six to eight months every year in this forsaken spot. It was not generally known who he was or why he came there. However, after much patient inquiry, Karl Emreich learned that he was the owner of one of the largest diamond mines in Africa. He also learned that D'Alton's wife, who had died while traveling through this section of the country, was buried near Takkei and that Simon returned every year to be near his wife's grave. He visited it secretly, though, so the natives would not learn of its whereabouts and dig up her body.

At the time of my story Takkei was the sleepy and forsaken place which I have described. The sun beat mercilessly upon its few scattered huts in the daytime, and at night it was haunted by stealthy creatures from the jungles surrounding it. There was a sullen atmosphere to the place. Karl Emreich, the natives, even the jungle seemed sullen at having this bit of humanity thrust into their midst. Simon D'Alton roamed about silently, conversing with no one. Scarcely a dozen words a day were spoken in Takkei.

Then one day a messenger, a small black boy, brought a note to Simon D'Alton. He received it and read it with no perceptible change of countenance, but the German noticed that he did not take his usual walk that day.

For two days nothing happened, but on the third day Takkei had another visitor. Takkei was getting popular. This time it was a tall, swarthy Turk who called himself Jacques Lepape, as if anyone could take him for a Frenchman, especially since he spoke scarcely any French, and that very badly. He was a greasy, ill-tempered braggart whom the sullen German could not tolerate from the first. He had with him a small native boy, who acted as his lackey.

For several days Simon D'Alton watched the newcomer. He observed the apparent wealth of the visitor,

his self-satisfaction, and particularly the way in which he guarded a small black card case.

Then one stifling tropical night, D'Alton softly tiptoed to the window of Lepape's hut. In the distance he could hear the monotonous beat of natives' tom-toms. All the lights were out in the village of Takkei except that in the hut of Lepape, but now and then dark forms could be seen gliding across patches of moonlight. Lepape had been drinking heavily and was now addressing himself to the little black boy, cursing him and then talking as though to himself.

"Look here, you greasy little rascal, stop grinning at me like that. When I sell my diamonds, I'll have you hanged. Come on and pour me another drink. That's a good boy. Mmm, they're some swell diamonds."

Simon D'Alton heard no more. He crept back to his own hut and pulled from his pocket the letter he had received a week before. This he read again by the lamplight. It went:

"Dear Dad,

I doubt if this will reach you but I'm hoping for the best. Seven of our largest diamonds have been stolen by one of our employees. You need not come back, as everything possible is being done to catch the thief, but I thought you might want to know. I'll let you know when we catch him.

Your son,
AL."

Mr. D'Alton smiled a very little smile, and, blowing out his lamp, he got into bed, listening to the slowly dying throb of the tom-toms.

The next day it was very hot. There had been no rain for weeks, and all the tropical vegetation was parched and withered. Simon D'Alton hunted out a burly native with whom he soon went into the woods carrying a wooden box.

In a little while he returned and began to scrape up an acquaintance with the Turk. This was not hard to do, for Lepape, who had not found Karl Emreich very sociable, was getting anxious for some one to whom he could talk. However, he was slightly suspicious of Simon D'Alton, who had hitherto been so reserved.

Soon Mr. D'Alton suggested a walk to see if anything had been caught in his steel traps. As they walked along, Lepape's confidence in D'Alton began to rise, and he talked quite garrulously. As they went farther into the jungle the parched, dry vegetation began to disappear. The soft turf underfoot and the swarms of tropical insects gave evidence that the swamps were near. The trees were thickly matted overhead, cutting out almost all the light and giving a dark and gloomy atmosphere to the surroundings. Occasionally a snake glided across their path, and vague rustlings in the underbrush told of the presence of their four-footed enemies.

Yet, Lepape saw none of these. He was so interested in his own conversation that he paid no attention to the path before him. Suddenly he put his foot upon a heap of dead leaves and grass in which a trap was hidden. As the steel jaws closed over his foot, he gave a fierce yell and dropped his rifle, his only weapon. D'Alton grabbed this, and then stepped back with a mirthless smile on his face.

"Now give me those diamonds," he said briskly, "or you stay in that trap."

At first Lepape was too astonished to speak. Then he looked all around him. The gloom was deepening fast as the evening came on and strange creatures were beginning to creep

out. The damp smell of the swamp and stinging swamp-flies also presented themselves prominently. Evidently he was not particularly anxious to spend the night in that place. Also the pain in his foot was increasing every moment, so with a snarl he tossed the black card case to the Englishman. D'Alton examined the contents carefully and then handcuffed his prisoner. When Lepape was released from the trap, he limped back to Takkei with D'Alton at his back, guarding him with his own rifle.

For once Karl Emreich actually laughed aloud. He asked no questions, but he instantly agreed to take charge of the prisoner while Simon D'Alton got a start back to the diamond mines.

IN DAYS OF OLD

By Lucy Grossmann

In days of old, when knights were bold—
How often has this tale been told?
I sometimes think what fun 'twould be,
These dashing, flashing, knights to see
Return again arrayed in gold.

With swords so sharp and steel so cold,
A dazzling sight we would behold,
To see these jousts of chivalry,
In days of old.

These knight of old their sway did hold
In days long past and long foretold,
And yet these knights in best degree
Still live today for you and me,
In tales of deeds so manifold
In days of old.

YELLS AS I HEAR THEM

By Beatrice Kaplan

Ray! Rah! Hash! Hash! Hash!

That's just what yells are being made of nowadays. And they're just as sickening.

Some time ago, I heard an old codger say, "Why in the world do those idiots yell? And if they must yell, why get the material out of a pastry shop?"

That's the truth. Our yells are all flooey. Most of them contain strawberry short-cake, huckleberry pie, ginger ale, pop and whatnot. I daresay that if the boys on the field were to hear those yells, they would become so sick that they would fumble or do something equally as bad, all of which would bring long-drawn sighs and gasps from the cheerers (some of them, anyway).

Besides, these yells are in verse. And what's more there are some in story, which are a little better because they weren't made in a kitchen.

There's another thing: those yells don't have any pep or any life to them. Another thing about them is that they are all stale—and then some! They have been handed down from generation to generation so that they are in a complete state of degeneration. What we need are bigger and better yells—just try and get them.

There seems to be some kind of silent agreement among the schools about this yelling business. If some school thinks up a good cheer (which is seldom) some other school will make up something like it and so on and so on.

Moreover, the students themselves get tired of them—but they don't do anything about it. If one or two of the students would try to compose some, and do it in the right way, I'm sure we would get a few good ones.

Now because I say this somebody is going to come up to me and say, "Why don't you compose some yourself?"

Well, I can say truthfully that I have, but after comparing mine with the ones we already have, I buried them in the backyard. (I only hope our dog doesn't dig them up, they might kill him).

But honestly and truly, someone with talent ought to step up and say, "I will write some different yells or bust!" Right now that's only a dream.

Next football game let's eliminate those mushy yells and give the team some that will spur it on to victory and not to its downfall.

THE MOON

By G. R. Smith

Look!
I see it here, I see it yonder,
Everywhere in and out of the clouds
Like a ball of fire dodging water.
Then out of the darkness of a cloud
It darts like a glittering gem,
On its way skyward.
Now it is overhead; now toward the west,
It moves as if it was hurrying to
Some destined place; down, down
Like a large shooting star it heads
For the horizon, then like a settling
Parachute it spreads;
Suddenly it disappears
Like a burnt-out torch.

The Missile

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EDITORIALS

What Kind of Crops Have We?

You, no doubt, have all heard the familiar quotation, "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap."

"This is probably one of the uppermost thoughts in every farmer's mind, but of what interest is it to the pupils of P. H. S.?" the reader might ask. However the students will find that the same principle applies to our school life.

Each one of us sows at the beginning of his high school career, and many times the reaping which seems so far ahead is left out of the picture entirely. We enroll for the subjects which we think are most fitting for our future. Some of us cultivate, or go over our work each night, watering, hoeing, and tending our crops so that they will be something to be really proud of and useful to us. Others leave the cultivation until tests are due, and still others, sad to relate, do not cultivate at all.

Everyone knows that good seed is necessary to produce a good crop; and likewise good serious effort is necessary in our high school life in order to obtain the best harvest.

What kind of educational farmers are we? Do we plant good seed, care for it often and reap the best possible crops? It is something to think over well since the success of our life depends largely upon the success of our crops.

D. H. P.

Useless Fire Escape

Is the fire escape on the High School building for ornament or for use? Why don't we use it in our fire drills? Some students take a fire

drill as a matter of course and walk leisurely down two or three flights of stairs without the least bit of interest. If the fire escapes were used in the drills, then we would be quicker in case of emergency.

If the school should happen to catch on fire, can you imagine "A sweet young thing" trying her best to find the next step or perhaps "yelling" because she's afraid she might fall through the holes?

Perhaps if the fire escape were used, it would better impress upon the students' minds the seriousness and importance of a fire drill. Of course the writer may have the wrong idea, but why not give the plan a tryout and see how it works?

A. S.

Debating in P. H. S.

Debating is almost a lost art in the school. By that, we mean that there is very little interest manifested by the student body in debating. Of course, there are annual debates held by the Page and Daniel Societies. but they are not sufficient to stir up the desired interest in the school. Only members of the societies are eligible for participation in the contests. Therefore, the majority of the students have no part whatever in the debates.

We feel that this is a great drawback if one wishes to stimulate interest. There are many in the school who have the ability to become debaters worthy of representing the school. They, however, are not members of the societies and are not afforded an opportunity to test and prove their ability.

There should be debating teams in each of the classes in the school. This would afford an opportunity for friendly rivalry among the classes and also provide good material for the inter-scholastic contests. The greater the number of contestants, the better material will be found to represent the school.

P. H. S. has ranked high in the state debating contests. Why can't we make an effort to regain our standing?

M. W.

Little Missiles

Impressions From the Best English Course in the South

Mr. Miller: Reading from the "Deserted Village" of the savage beasts that the Irish peasants were said to have encountered in America, —"Maybe that's the reason why they all joined the police force—to protect themselves."

How do you know that Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?

Why, just look at his spelling!

Too bad Thomas Gray didn't know stenography.

How's that?

Why, it says here that it took him seven years to write his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" and we took it in short hand the other day and wrote the whole thing in about seven minutes.

Miss Gilliam: What sort of a childhood did Hawthorne lead?

Answer: He didn't play with any other children except his mother.

Was Milton's married life happy? No, he got married and wrote "Paradise Lost"; then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained."

Mr. Miller: What did Wordsworth mean when he said he was going from the east?

G. Smith: He was going west.

Mr. Miller: Right! He was growing old.

—And the Science Course

Searge: You know I couldn't see last night.

Dunford: So you've been experimenting with grain alcohol, huh?

Searge: Why do these little girls around school use so much paint?

Dunford: Protect the surface and you save all.

—And the History Course

Miss Huddle: What did Columbus get out of discovering America?

Answer: A thrill!

—And the Math Course

Miss Goodwin: (In Trig Class) I should think you would have had projections in 2-H Geometry.

J. Burks: No ma'am, we didn't—but we had plenty of objections.

Disillusion

By Eleanore Townsend

My faith in movies is broken
By horrible vitaphones.
Do heroes really roll their "r's"
And gush in guttural tones?

They'd have you think that heroines
Hail always from the West,
And speak with nasal shrillness
When the scenes are tenderest.

Sweet seventeen with golden curls
O'er marble balcony leans
And whispers to her Romeo.
(I adore these romantic scenes!)

One's own imagination
Can supply the silvery sounds—
The machine rasps rudely this screaching,
"Darrling, m' luv's without bounds!"

On a Teacher

He stands erect and watchful, guarding his sacred trust—the fountain of youth. He moves not his head to right or to left. Silently he appraises those who pass in front of him; from head to foot he surveys them. If a weary traveler stops to drink of the reviving water, silently and anxiously he watches him. If he partakes of more than the guard thinks enough, wide and shocked grow his eyes behind the glasses which enable him to judge mankind better and more accurately.

At the ringing of the bell for the second time his body grows more rigid and he surveys with scorn the slower travelers who should have hurried to their destinations at the ringing of that bell. Maybe he calls out a stern warning to hurry them on their way. When the laggards hurry their footsteps, a gleam of satisfaction comes into his eyes that he has the authority to make them hurry. He surveys the landscape up and down as far as those eyes will reach. Then satisfied that all creatures have paused in their travels for a while at least, he heaves a deep sigh. He turns to the fountain and takes a long cool drink of the refreshing waters. Then sure that he has seen all, heard all and knows all that has happened in that particular region at that particular time, he walks sedately to the spot where a group of travelers have assembled to hear of his experiences and to gain some of his knowledge. Incidentally they hear of the progress of love affairs of different people, and too they learn some French.

E. B.

THE JEALOUS FORD

By Norman G. McCaleb

Buck Jumpup was a nice young man
So handsome and so gay;
He had a Ford that really ran,
But slower day by day.

For when he went to see his girl
Whom he did love so dearly,
She kept his heart all in a turmoil,
And made it jump out—nearly.

They rode so happily all day long,
And oh! how he adored her;
The birds would sing a peaceful song,
But Buck's old Ford sang louder.

Sometimes when on a country lane
With plenty time to waste,
He'd place, in hope sometime to gain,
His arm about her waist.

But Buck's old Ford, her heart all broke,
Afraid that he might sell 'er,
Just flattened out, cause 'taint no joke
To have to lose your feller.

Health Note

Most people eat more than they think. If they didn't they would starve.

Football Terms

Placing your kick—arguing with the teacher about your mark.
Kick incomplete—last argument.
Piling up—your school work (penalty 5 hours' study).
Safety—a "75".
Time out—Recess.
Half—2-H or 3-L.
Game over—Diplomas.

Louie Patteson is quite elated these days over the fact that his nickles roll back at the end of his conversation over the public telephones. How does he do it?

Tough

By G. L. Sherertz

I asked my dad for a dollar,
But all I got was a dime.
It made me hot in the collar.
I asked my dad for a dollar.
I felt as if I could holler.
I will try another time.
I asked my dad for a dollar,
But all I got was a dime.

All jack and no work makes whoopee!

Steve: My, but I hate to die.
Searge: Quite so, a burned child fears fire.

Mr. Burns is said to have recently received the following note:

Dear Mr. Burns,

Please excuse my son, Ben, as he fell in the mud and couldn't come to school. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother.

From 'Round Junior High

The Science class was studying sixty-cycle dynamos.

Mrs. Hubbard: "Now what would you call a dynamo that made sixty revolutions in a single minute?"

Interested Young Scientist: "I'd call it wonderful!"

In Fall

By Mildred Alley

In fall
I hate to think
That snow is soon to come.
I have no coat laid 'way and then
I'll freeze.

Billious

"What is our United States without its president, what is our state without its governor, what is our city without its mayor and what is our county without its county manager?" demands Mardie Friend eloquently. May I add to this list "Billious" and ask what is our assembly without "Billious"? The last time I heard this well known comedy relief, I wondered if the innocent speakers who come to talk to us should not be warned against it, but on second thought I decided on the contrary.

Billious has endeared himself to me. The truth is the more I hear about him the more I like it. Of course you know the joke of which I speak:

Teacher: "Little boy, what is your name?"

"Jul."

Teacher: "Oh, no, you must mean Julius."

Teacher: "Now what is your name?"

Second Little Boy: "Bill, but I guess you'd call me Billious."

Ha ha! Ha ha! Ha ha!

When a speaker finds himself waxing too serious he inserts Billious. I used to hate it—common with a touch of vulgarity—but now I look for it as a sunny spot in every long and serious lecture.

E. T.

What I'd Do

By Aileen Small

I wish I could fly an airplane—
    I'd certainly "ditch" the buses,
The hours they keep "give me a pain";
    I wish I could fly an airplane,
Sometimes I almost go insane
    While waiting for those "cusses".
I wish I could fly an airplane,
    I'd certainly "ditch" the busses.

No, No; Dora Bell

If some one would ask me how to use the word "accommodating" in a sentence I'd say: "'How soon can I accommodating you again?' asked the eager swain." And if someone would ask me how to work the word Apostle I would say, "Have you got apostle post package here for me?"

Miss Guerrant: "Before an immigrant enters this country what does he have to pass?"

C. Bradsher: "The Statue of Liberty."

O M L E what X T C
I always feel when U I C;
I used to rave of L N's I I I,
4 L C I gave countless signs;
4 K T 2 and L N R
I was a keen competitor,
But earth now's a non N T T,
4 U X L them all U C.

E. T.

"With Balls and Bats"

Baseball Season

In the early part of April Coach Day issued a call for baseball candidates. About forty men reported for practice. After two weeks the squad was cut down to approximately two teams.

Among the letter men reporting were: George Smith, Richard McCants, Robert Swearingen, Zitta Baxter, Captain Benjamin Campbell, Malcolm Underwood, and John Lucas. With these men as a nucleus and many promising recruits, Coach Day began building his team.

Following are the games played to date:

Faculty versus P. H. S.—High School won handily due to the air-tight pitching of Martens.

Score:

				R.	H	E.
Faculty	0	310	000	—4	6	3
P. H. S.	4	210	01x	—8	9	1

Dinwiddie versus P H. S.—This was a very close game. "Mac" Underwood won the game by driving out a long two base hit in the eleventh inning.

Score:

					R.	H.	E.
Dinwiddie	20	000	001	000	3	6	5
P. H. S.	02	100	000	001	4	12	5

P. H. S. versus Lawrenceville—High School anxious to get revenge for last year's defeat, easily defeated Lawrenceville 5 to 2. "Mac" Underwood was in splendid form.

Score:

			R.	H.	E.
P. H. S.	003	101 000	5	12	5
Lawrenceville	110	000 000	2	5	3

Blackstone versus P H. S.—High School went on a hitting spree and defeated Blackstone 19 to 7.

Score:

			R.	H.	E.
Blackstone	010	100 023	—7	7	4
P. H. S.	420	062 41x	—19	19	3

John Marshall versus P. H. S.—John Marshall, behind the brilliant pitching of Henry Taylor, defeated High School 8 to 2. "Mac" Underwood pitched a nice game, but errors spelled his defeat.

Score:

				R.	H.	E.
John Marshall	400	200	200	8	12	3
P. H. S.	000	002	000	2	7	6

P. H. S. versus Blackstone—After trailing Blackstone for six innings, High School scored ten runs in the last three innings and defeated them 15 to 10.

Score:

				R.	H.	E.
P. H. S.	000	320	442	15	18	6
Blackstone	204	021	001	10	11	2

Hopewell versus P. H. S.—Playing very erratic ball and weak on hitting, High School went down in defeat before the strong team from Hopewell.

Score:

				R.	H.	E.
Hopewell	000	303	102	—9	15	2
P. H. S.	001	011	000	—3	8	4

P. H. S. versus St. Christopher—St. Christopher, of Richmond, proved to be too strong for High School and we were defeated by the score of 10 to 4.

Score:

				R.	H.	E.
P. H. S.	000	102	100	— 4	9	3
St. Chris.	410	014	000	—10	14	1

P. H. S. versus Dinwiddie—High School had to go ten innings to nose out Dinwiddie 10 to 8. Both games with Dinwiddie proved to be very close and interesting.

P. H. S. versus Franklin—P. H. S. returned to form and won by the

large score of 15 to 5.

Score:

				R.	H.	E.
P. H. S.	300	013	233	15	17	3
Franklin	112	000	010	5	10	1

Out of nine games played, P. H. S. has won six. The six leading hitters up to date are:

"Mac" Underwood	.500
"Ben" Campbell	.495
George Smith	.402
Zitta Baxter	.333
"Bob" Prichard	.305
"Dick" McCants	.290

These statistics show that the team is fighting and deserves our support.

Girls' Basketball

At a recent assembly the girls of the basketball team were awarded their letters. In the absence of Miss Wells, Coach Day gave them out. Marguerite Harwell, captain of the team for 1928-29, was congratulated for the fine showing the team made.

The team this year was not as successful as the teams of previous years. This was due largely to the small number of letter girls and the difficult schedule undertaken. Also at the start of the new term in February, quite a few of the star players were lost on account of graduation.

Although they did not win as many games as usual, the team closed the season by defeating Hampton, one of the strongest teams in the state. This proves that it was a fighting team and the school should be proud of it.

The prospects for next year are bright. There will be quite a large number of seasoned players to choose from. The whole school joins hands in congratulating Miss Wells and the squad on their splendid showing.

Tennis Team

In the early part of March a letter was received from Maury High School asking for a tennis match. This letter was turned over to Mr. Powers, who immediately organized a tennis squad.

A meeting was called and twenty-five boys answered the call. It was decided at this meeting to organize a team. Bolling Cameron was elected manager of the team. The election of captain was put off to a later date. Due to the lack of courts at the High School, the Petersburg Country Club allowed Mr. Powers the use of their courts.

Practices are held regularly every day. Each candidate has to play a certain number of matches in order to give Mr. Powers a line on his material.

The team is contemplating matches with other schools and will enter a tournament to decide the school championship of Virginia.

This new phase of athletics in our school is worthy of our support. Every one should support this team and help Mr. Powers and his squad to have a successful season.

L. P.

Scraps

Well, radio has accomplished just another feat, added one more credit to its long list of credits. Our aim in attending school seems to be to "git edgicated." But how can a school manage to provide an inaugural ceremony for our benefit? Anyhow, that is just what our beloved old P. H. S. did for us. Sometimes we forget and don't strive for her quite as hard as we might, but just as surely as Old Sol rises and sets, she never fails us.

The student body assembled in the auditorium and heard the impressive ceremony with which every citizen should be familiar and on which the fate of our nation hangs. The majority, of course, were "Smithites," but, since the bitterness and strife of the campaign were over, we were loyal to a man to our new president and glad to welcome him as such.

Faculty, what do you think of instituting a course in Radio in our curriculum? Maybe one of our geniuses might invent some device to prevent that peculiar rumbling nois, aptly called static.

It is time for the Class Night Exercises, and the writer thinks it would be an act of kindness to present Monsieur Freas with a magnifying glass. You see, there is one more monthly test and just oodles of work the Professor must do, and he declares "Jeff" James' handwriting a terrible strain on the eyesight.

The Monogram Club did really give this school quite the treat of its life. Pep was there, and how! Have you ever noticed how pep and good fellowship are akin? The school was stirred from its customary lethargy, and I'll warrant that to faculty and student body that day will long be a memorable one. Just rub us the right way and see if we don't appreciate it. We're funny that way.

Leonard Howerton, our popular and accomplished classmate, played a piano selection, "Don't Be Like That." The faculty frowned just a trifle at the thunderous applause and let it go with that slight remonstance. For encore, he gave "Get Out and Get Under the Moon."

One sometime wonders why coaches are such popular idols, but one wouldn't wonder long if one saw ours. "He's a peach, he's a dream, he's the coach of our team." And that's Coach Roland Day. He presented the letters and certificates to both the girls' and the boys' basketball team.

The following received letters: "Bob" Swearingen, "Johnny" Goodwin, ex-captain; George Smith, Horace Martens, "Jimmie" D'Alton, Howard Wells, "Dick" Simonson, John Lucas, William Spottswood, Aulick Burke, Edward Motley, Lewin Sherertz; Virginia Underwood, Trixie Mitchell, Mary Harrison, Marguerite Harwell, Flora Willcox, "Dottie" Ritchie, "Pinky" Friend and Virginia Rawles. Having survived this much, may they fight another day for P. H. S.

Honorable mention was given to Trixie Mitchell and Berkeley Carter as outstanding players. Their names are to be engraved on the silver trophies awarded to the most valuable players. To Lewis Patteson, who has not missed a game in three years, was given an honorary letter.

Coach introduced the speaker, an

alumnus of P. H. S., Dr. Herbert Jones.

Then, "on with the initiation, let joy be unrefined." And so it was. The Monogram Club made monkeys out of their goats.

Aulick Burke, as "Little Red Riding Hood," was dressed fetchingly in pink rompers, and "Dick" Simonson, as "Little Boy Blue," was clad likewise in blue. Their song, "Baby Rose," was rendered very cunningly. Children must play, you know.

Then came a reproduction of the Sharkey-Stribling fight put on by Martens and Wells.

"Jimmie" D'Alton and "Ed" Motley next proceeded to instruct us little innocents in the rudiments of a crap game while Leonard Howerton played "Nobody Knows How Dry I Am."

Our cheer leaders, Mary Harrison and "Joe" Boswell, affected red and white color schemes. No one felt particularly blue, but they managed to stir up our patriotism anyhow.

Rah, rah, rah! Hi school!

For the first game in the baseball season the varsity defeated the faculty, eight to four. Good start, me hearties, keep it up. At least, in the remaining games you won't have to worry about Mr. Miller using any of his "mean" English on you, "Sergeant" Holmes proving his scientific theories, or Mr. Burns making good use of his binomial theorem. Shucks, you clearly have an advantage after such experience!

Whoever knew the Senior Class was so talented? Of course, you didn't know. How could you? This idea of showing the school the talents of the Senior Class was sponsored by Miss Guerrant, Civics teacher. And we do surely approve. The two declamation selections in Italian dialect by Albert Wice were especially entertaining.

The June Class Play was a riot! There was quite a scramble at the entrance to persuade the ticket collectors to allow one to keep the ticket one bought. I heard one young chap say, "Who you pushing, anyhow?" A babyfaced cutie replied, oh so sweetly, "I dunno. What's your name?"

You see the reverse side of that ticket will be precious to many, for it has a fine silhouette of Leonard Breeden, the faithless friend of the hero in the plot.

Dear "Jimmie" D'Alton who is Jerry Thorpe, the hero, turns out to be a bounder, just a plain bounder. And if clothes don't make the man, well. Miss Hepsie, (played by Marie Wilkinson) the village seamstress, can't subsist on pins as she so obviously proved to us she could.

James Hemphill as the Professor was a scream. Believe it or not, he had no less than three pairs of spectacles and even those didn't seem sufficient.

Norman McCaleb, who was George, the hired man, was certainly a typical example of a perverse nigger whom one has kept entirely too long.

Leonard Breeden, as "Jack" Morgan, was quite adriot to discover the farce put up by the heroine, Aileen Small, in order to rid herself of an engagement she no longer desired. Women are funny that way!

Ethel Breeden, who took the part of Marjorie Martin, preceived, also, the true charecter of "Jerry."

And thus "they lived happily ever after." Quite a trite ending, one admits, but wholly applicable.

One would think we were living in Chicago where men are men and have to protect themselves. James Hemphill, the learned Professor of the June

Class Play, stalks into Latin class with a gun over his shoulder very much as if he were expecting Caesar's ghost or some other equally war-like spirit to descend upon him. Every man for himself in this day and age. Right you are, dear Professor. Teach the ignoramuses something.

The annual debate between the Page and Daniel Literary Societies was held. The rebuttals were unusually witty and quite pertinent.

Dorothy Perkins almost called her worthy opponent a prevaricator, but "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

Dorothy Perkins was declared the best debater.

Thanks to the good judgment of the judges we beat our rival. John Marshall. A unanimous decision in favor of Dorothy Perkins and William Dunford was given.

A debating team worthy of the name!

The tennis team is progressing in great form. It is continuing its workouts at the Country Club. We expect to play Maury and Maury may well see to her laurels.

However, just wait a little while and let Professor Miller instruct you in the game of golf. Why, it is even reported that he is adding new words to his vocabulary. Here's hoping he won't spring too many of them and embarrass us Seniors with our lack of knowledge. Here's another subject to brush up on, English students.

Sis! Boom! Bah! Hi-Y Minstrels!

A further discussion of caps and gowns for graduation arose once more in the Senior Class. The idea, however, doesn't seem to take so well, and we're apt to leave our dear High School without having had the satisfaction of tossing our tassels from one side to the other. But remember this: Petersburg High has always maintained a high standard of education, and we go out from it in no sense of the word less of a graduate.

V. H. P.

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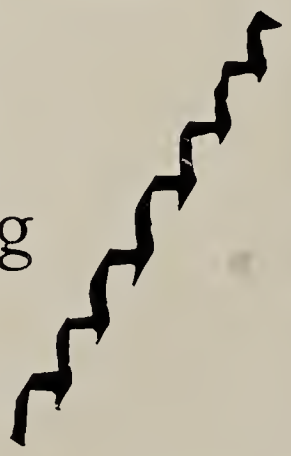

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